

Nadir of The Great Arch(er)

I'm given light and thus I take measure
All things that break, decay, and are, in kind,
A gradation varied by the letter—
Resting in the warmth of a cosmic scarf
Wrapped in a wondrous celestial bow,
Beneath a glistening supernal arch.

This awe knows pain—a sustained spinal arch—
I calculate by threes and seek measure.
Degrees upon degrees like a bending bow,
Space curves with grace—reflecting like a kind
Of mirror. I bevel and work to scarf
Myself up, as time accretes a letter.

A message divine—this written letter—
Plucking the past into a present arch,
Flinging forward into entropy's scarf,
Heat-death burning beyond any measure—
Radiant light in rapture, not in kind.
I can only muster a sullen bow.

Tension stretched like an empyreal bow—
An Archer with a capital letter—
Divine to some when speaking of a kind
Creator. The gossamer bounded arch
Of stars, where time is not a measure,
And weaves together a spell-binding scarf.

Ingest the view, take Hestia's flame, scarf
Her feast—as her hearth warms all, kindly bow.
Times' arrow flings forth in such great measure
All while Cadmus composes his letter
And Apollo's feet bend in a great arch
To make the leap and pass a note in kind.

At first a spark, a light, so bright, so kind—
The neck of time in a temporal scarf.
Nestled beneath an ever-reaching arch—
Where the Archer draws back his golden bow—
Comes a new line in history's letter
Giving this place with no end some measure.

I measure the days, among my own kind.
I write the mind warm with letters and scarf
This feast, tie this bow beneath this great arch.